

PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN LONDON



MRS. EDWARD J. CROSS,
BY JOHN LONGSTAFF.

SHULTO AND ANGUS, SONS OF
DOUGLAS VICKERS, ESQ.,
BY J. J. SHANNON, R.A.

London, May 4.—At the spring exhibition of the Royal Academy there are many portraits of the late King Edward, including no fewer than seven portraits in the sculpture department alone. The portrait of Thomas Brock, R.A., will perhaps be the favorite, not only because of the beautiful reproduction in the marble but also because of its elegant simplicity. One portrait has been especially commissioned by Queen Alexandra from Bryant Baker, a hitherto comparatively unknown young sculptor.

The Academy in fact is rich in portraits this year. It is generally conceded that for portraiture it is the best show that London has seen for many a year. Sargent has a splendid characterization of the Archbishop of Canterbury, J. J. Shannon contributes four splendid canvases: "The Viscountess Inglestree and Her Daughter," "The Marchioness of Lansdowne," "Lady Hindlip" and "The Sons of Douglas Vickers."

The most remarkable portrait in the Academy is the "Abbe Pichot" by Frank Craig. This figure, with the saturnine face hidden in her hands and the tears of bitterness falling from between her jeweled fingers.

He knew the young widow well; indeed he had known all the Ravells with something of that knowledge which comes to an old family physician through experience. He realized how her emotional, impulsive nature in revulsion from the marriage with Benjamin Saboll, into which her father's ambition had forced her, might have led her perilously close to sin and shame. He realized too how in this supreme hour of suspense and agony it might drive her to an act of sacrifice and ruin. "Yes, he was sorry for her, he would help her against herself."

"I agree with you, Laura," at length he said. "That so good and true a gentleman as Henry Winder showed himself to be in his conduct toward you could not have committed the cowardly and brutal murder of your late husband, however black the record now seems against him. I promise you to do everything in my power to prove his innocence and save him if you on your part as solemnly promise to desist from your desperate purpose until I have failed. I will let you know in time."

Laura Saboll bowed in assent, and then, even as the judge touched the button on his desk, she with natural resilience sat free, her face flushed and expectant, her hands already dried.

"Cronkite," began the judge as the door opened in response to his call, "my friend and client Mrs. Saboll, has been arrested for reasons to which I need not refer for you within the next ten days to establish the innocence of Henry Winder, now under conviction for the murder of the late Benjamin Saboll."

"But Mr. Winder would have pleaded guilty had he been allowed to do so," objected Cronkite, "and the formal proof submitted by the District Attorney seemed conclusive to the bar generally. The coroner's jury found in the hunting lodge and identified as Mr. Saboll's remains, a body in the thicket known to be Mr. Saboll's, the latter filled with threats against me by experts to be in his very hands."

"I know, I know," interrupted the judge, waving aside difficulties, "but what I say must be done." "I understand that Mrs. Saboll," he asked the detective suddenly, "has emphatically," answered Mrs. Saboll, "been told the judge could again."



HARRY LAUDER,
BY W. REID DICK.

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THE REHEARSAL, BY RICHARD JACK.

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"I must therefore penetrate the inner consciousness of this vindictive old man Benjamin Saboll, put my mind in his mind's place, as I already have to an extent search for him in the antipodes of his own luxurious surroundings, yet near at hand too, to which both his inexperience and his avidity to watch and wait and know would naturally drive him. Finally I must trust to the clue of a big bill being changed in a poor neighborhood to lead me and to a trifling vulgar peculiarity to convince me. Ah, a long, dark way."

So indeed it proved to the detective. The days passed, the ninth night had come, the very eve of success or failure, and still he was groping through an endless obscurity. Yet now and again there had been glimmers to reassure and to encourage.

For one thing, he had overheard the officers of the Provident Society's bank discussing the fact that a hundred dollar bill had been deposited in their institution. For another thing, he had been tempted; there was a factory in the fact he had absolutely been tempted to join with two presumable pals in the fact he had vaguely described as a fat, soft job. And it was to the rendezvous named by him, a low waterside inn, that he was now going.

As Cronkite burst through the half doors and shuffled over the sawdust to the end of the room, he was unconsciously conscious of a shawl muffled old woman who had stood begging without. Not that such a wretched creature as she appeared to be was less than wofully common in that section, but though the hand she had partly extended was grimy his fingers were delicate and showed the marks where rings had been.

However, Jake and Joe were already greeting him with raps of their emptied glasses, so ordering the waiter at his back to bring another round quick he joined his presumable pals.

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Cronkite walked briskly down the street to the lodging house. Time was too short for hesitation or change. If, as seemed likely, this rich old recluse was Benjamin Saboll then duty not only to the Judge as his employer but to himself as a man demanded that he should warn, protect and save him.

He knew that he was going into a trap where outside help was not to be hoped for and whence he could escape with Saboll only against the will and force of two ruffians to whom robbery was a business and murder a jest. Yet he resolutely went.

Indeed so fixed to his purpose was the detective with every particle of mind, soul and being intent on the ways and means of a successful issue, that he failed to observe, as he otherwise should, that the shadow of a woman was lurking after on the other side of the street, the shadow of a bewitched, decrepit, beggarly old woman yet changing involuntarily now and then into the lines and curves of youth and grace.

Through the doorless entrance and up the bare stairs in the flicker of the gas jet went Cronkite; one flight, two flights and the half of a third. Then he stopped before a door opening from an ell in the landing. He tried it; it was fast top and bottom. He rapped again and again. Finally a querulous voice sounded faintly from within.

"Go away," it said. "You can't come in, whoever you are. If you don't go away I'll lean out of the window and call for the police. Go away!"

"Listen, please," replied Cronkite soothingly. "I am a good and inoffensive man as every one says you are, but I am not so wise; I have had such family troubles. All I want is to ask you one question."

"Will you go away then?" There was a shade of pleased superiority in the tone.

"Yes, if you wish." "Very well, then; I will give you the benefit of my advice. What is it?" "I want to know, please," returned Cronkite, "what course I ought to pursue with my wife. I came here in hiding because I didn't approve of her actions, though there was nothing actually wrong about them. But now I fear she is going to take a step that will injure my good name. What should I do?" "Heck, heck, heck," came the sound

of three little dry coughs. "You must prevent her by all means at any cost," said the voice now vexed and even vindictive. "It is your right, your duty. A wife is subject to her husband; the Scriptures say so and so do the laws. You have power of life and death over her. Prevent her, I say; heck, heck, heck."

"Open the door, Mr. Saboll," commanded Cronkite. "I know you as much by what you said as by the way you coughed. I am Cronkite, Judge Marcellus's man. You know him; you have heard of me; you must realize that your hiding is at an end. Open your door at once, or I will abandon you to the thieves and murderers whom your wealth has attracted and who even now are preparing to rob and kill you. Open the door."

And even with the last words a lean and livid old man did open the door, clinging to the detective as he passed through and again bolted it top and bottom. It was Benjamin Saboll.

"We are not going to let your wife disgrace herself to-morrow by confessing that she was with Winder at a time and place which make his innocence manifest, nor are we going to let that innocent man be executed for the sake of your jealous spite," interrupted Cronkite sternly. "The quietest way is the best way with the Judge and me as a general rule; but there are exceptions, mind. So think hard and quick with all the power of life and death you best about, or—"

"I won't," cried Mr. Saboll furiously. "He is a wretch who thought nothing of making love to a dozen women at once. Do you suppose I don't know that he was making up to Laura's younger sister Kate all the while? That was why Laura sent her back to the Ravells with a flea in her ear, the poor girl. I'll deny my identity; you have no proof. The Governor would never grant a respite on any such cock and bull story. Afterward I'll care."

"Or," continued Cronkite, "I will let the two villains who even now are lurking downstairs have their will with you. I have but to make the signal; they think me their accomplice. You can't deny your identity if you are dead, and your corpse will be proof enough."

"I'll scream," "Screams are too common around here to attract any notice."

As if in confirmation and refutation of these words, scream after scream suddenly resounded thrillingly throughout the old rookery. There was to sound of alarm from above or below, but the quality and the sense of them for the moment held the detective transfixed with bewilderment. They were full, rich and refined in tone, and they called upon his very self.

"Help, Mr. Cronkite, help!" was their moving appeal. "Then as Cronkite in a flash of recollection recalled the old woman with the ring marked fingers and with intuitive deduction joined her disguise to a love and devotion which he had not suspected in the case he snatched a pair of bullock revolvers from his pocket and whirled down the stairs."

Again Cronkite rapped on the door of the landing room, but this time not alone. The old beggar woman was clinging to his arm with delicate fingers, ring marked. There was no delay; at the first strong note of his voice the bolts were drawn top and bottom and they were hastily admitted. The terror of

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The Sacrifice

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